

# Canibus Lyrics

## "One Step Closer To Infinity"

I get home, go to my room  
Then close the door  
There's a shrine with hollow bones  
And designs on the floor  
Modern electron Scope  
LED color modes  
Up until recently  
This is how I discovered flows  
I landed my Space X  
In a Tyvek suit with a face mesh  
But I confess  
I haven't been to space yet  
When the fans get depressed  
They go to my last known address  
Text my phone with cold threats  
He's addicted to cigarettes  
She's addicted to 5 minutes sex  
As it turns out  
Both their needs relieve stress  
Oh my god, look at all these Comic-Con hoes  
I sniff her toes  
Then got Omicron on my nose  
How else would you know?  
I am the man from Cybertron  
Attending this year's Comic-Con  
Wit' greasy goggles on  
Toggle my screen  
Smoke medical tree from a bong  
I'm looking for Mr. Incredible's wife in a thong  
It is cold outside  
But behind these doors it is warm  
Ever since I turned the rocket stove on  
I haven't had this much peace and quiet in so long  
I forgot how bad the world has gone  
I'm a One Hundred-year-old black Clint Eastwood  
I'm a shooter with a Lapua  
Chilling in the woods  
There is no survival group  
C'mon man, there's only 5 of you  
What the fuck that supposed to do?  
Put that weight on your shoulders?  
Ya clavicle could end up in ya colon  
Some things are better not spoken  
The schedules open  
Your interviews at 12  
They wanna ask you about L  
Thank you 'Bus, checks in the mail

Empty C130  
Me and the old lady getting flirty  
Can't help myself  
She so purdy  
Took a Zoom course  
On genome streamline sewing  
We discuss the top 5  
Depopulation components  
Chapter Six: The Labyrinth of Indecision  
Lemme' see if you get it  
Can anyone tell me  
Where this book was written?  
She spoke in some kind of code  
Wearing some old Merovingian clothes  
She had a Native American indigenous nose  
My phone fell in the river  
A diver was hired to retrieve it  
And bring it back to my sister, before dinner  
I read on the internet  
How I could bring it back to life  
If I let it dry in a bag of Jasmine rice  
I was a bad boy more than twice  
All night, she wore tights  
It's not illegal to stare, is it right?  
I speak to Ptah in patois  
He hears best  
For me to speak the Queen's English  
Is a fair request  
See I never been the type  
To buckle from peer pressh  
No quest's, and even if I was  
I was near best  
When I feel like a rebel  
I piss off the side of my vessel  
And don't know why  
I'm compelled to tell you  
I ain't tryna sell you  
Show and Tell you, or help you  
Direct energy melt you  
Who in the bloody hell ever felt you?  
Can anybody rhyme like this?  
Well if they could  
It wouldn't be special  
And that's what I'm tryna tell you  
You made a Bob Dylan deal  
With the devil, God bless you  
Now you in trouble  
Sitting in a Mosque temple  
Eating rotten spam and lentils  
Pen and paper  
Pad and pencil  
Rehearsing over my song instrumental  
Tell the truth, you do it for revenue

You dont care whether or not it's ethical  
You commit lyrical Seppuku  
Don't you dare listen to them  
And don't let them get you  
If this is a test  
It's God testing you  
Ice burn blisters  
The flow so cold  
You get the shivers  
When you are surrounded by niggas  
Holding clippers  
Trimming your whiskers  
Spritzers wit' a sprinkle of citrus  
Damn 'Bis, you sure know how to make an entrance  
Maintenance drinkers  
Brother Numsi and the Soul Sisters  
A bunch of crypto gold diggers  
The worm from the wood taste bitter  
You do the logistics  
I do the metrics  
The old wizard with barcoded innards  
Ya root chakra need a colon cleansing  
Like rotary engines, leftover emissions  
With high compression, low resistance  
That piece of shit is grossly expensive  
Bro, what you thinking?  
I remember being lectured by Richard Metzger  
Caterpillar and maggot cocoons  
Burrow deep in the open wounds  
Of the soon to be damned and doomed  
Aerosolized drugs  
Drift down from the skies above  
Because we looked up  
And cried for love  
Honey Nigella Sativa  
Gently inserted into amoebas  
With nanotweezers to stop seizures  
And the roll-up your sleeves  
Then rebuild they photon receivers  
A good writer gives all the credit to the readers  
Verbal flash freeze  
Cold flows to the Nth degree  
One step closer to infinity  
One step closer, the multiverse vocaler  
That did it for the culture  
The wait is near over!